

## FOURTEEN

There is no such thing as separate but equal.

That's what we learned from the civil rights movement, right?

So how come public restrooms, locker rooms, changing rooms, and dorm rooms at CU—a state institution—have signs on doors that say “men” and “women?”

Perhaps you think it's a trivial issue, since there are only a few places where access is restricted by sex. Would you think it was trivial if the signs on the doors said “white” and “colored”?

Segregation is not only inherently unequal, it's also arbitrary—the more people cross-dress and get sex-change operations, the more the lines between genders become blurred. What makes someone a woman? Is it someone with two x-chromosomes? Someone with a vagina? Someone with high heels and a purse?

If I walked into the women's locker room at the rec center, on what basis would they kick me out? My stubble? My deep voice? The “M” on my driver's license? Or would they actually yank down my undies and look at The Muse?

No, of course they wouldn't. In fact, every time I try to show my penis to the girls who work behind the equipment check-in counter they get uncomfortable and look away. Even the Asians on the tennis courts won't look at it.

I would get kicked out of the women's locker room simply because I fit people's general idea of what a man looks like—not for any practical reason. If I looked like both genders, I'd get kicked out of both locker rooms. That's probably why I've never seen a transvestite at the rec center.

Categorizing people is typically a bad idea, especially when it's for no reason. With that in mind, I hereby officially request that the University of Colorado desegregate all on-campus facilities, in the name of equal rights.

I've shared my vision of integrated bathrooms with several women, and almost all of

them think it's a bad idea. Here are some of the stupid things they've said, along with my intelligent responses:

Them: “I wouldn't want to walk into my dorm bathroom in the middle of the night and find people having sex on the floor.”

Me: “People wouldn't have sex on the floor of the bathroom just because it was coed.”

Them: “The guys would get turned on.”

Me: “You are aware that lesbians are allowed to share your locker room, right? Should we kick them out?”

Them: “The guys would rape the girls.”

Me: “I'd much rather rape a girl in an all-girls bathroom than a coed one with other guys around to stop me.”

Them: “Guys would get grossed out if they saw a used tampon.”

Me: “Then I guess girls would have to stop holding those used-tampon mouth-only relay races.”

But those aren't real reasons. The closest thing I've heard to an actual answer is: “People would be uncomfortable.”

God forbid anyone should be uncomfortable. While we're at it, let's make the Mexican students use port-a-potties to protect the rich kids from the Denver suburbs.

Integration always makes people uncomfortable. If the black schools hadn't been so much crappier than the white schools, do you think that black people would still have rallied and marched for the right to go to school with a bunch of white people who hated them? No—schools would still be segregated, the division between blacks and whites would still be reinforced by the government, and racial hatred would still be as frisky as ever. And nobody would do anything about it.

Even the hairiest feminists I know get uncomfortable when I tell them we should desegregate public bathrooms. That's because feminists don't really want equality—they want to hold fun little meetings in the Women Studies

Cottage, sell rape-themed T-shirts in the UMC, and hold silent vigils in downtown Boulder.

Let me explain something to the confused, tiptoeing woman who doesn't want to make anyone uncomfortable:

The reason that bathrooms are segregated by sex is the same reason that they were once segregated by race—women and black people are second-class citizens. That's right, toots. For every dollar I make, you will make three quarters. For every rack of ribs I eat, you will eat a salad.

I registered for the selective service when I was eighteen, but you did not. That's because you aren't strong or aggressive enough to defend your country. But it's not your country—it's my country.

I'm allowed to be the president, you're allowed to be my closeted-lesbian wife. I'm allowed to have a funny newsletter, you aren't even allowed to be funny. I can walk down the street alone at night, and you have to call NightRide. And that's because you're a woman, not because you're smaller, or because our genitals are more weapon-like. If men had vaginas and women had penises, we'd still find a way to rape you.

And like all second-class citizens, you are required to dress and behave in ways that designate you as such. Your makeup and your sweatpants with "P.I.N.K." written across your

ass may as well be Stars of David on your sleeves. Only instead of actually putting you in the ovens, we just put you in front of them so you can bake us cookies!

In reality, women aren't particularly attractive when they're doing everyday things like changing their clothes, brushing their teeth, or taking a crap. That's why women are ashamed of eating, peeing, pooping, masturbating, sweating, farting, menstruating, and everything else that implies that they have a real body with real bodily functions. They're not even supposed to talk about them. Even the sign in the drugstore says "Feminine Products." It should say "Twat Corks."

If we ever desegregated public restrooms, it would destroy our idea that femininity is mysterious, delicate, and beautiful. It upsets us that women have real bodies—we want them to be inhuman. We want it so bad that we ignore the fact that the pressure we put on women makes them less appealing, not more.

When I walk around CU, the girls I see are skinny, weak, incompetent, opinionless, and more concerned with looking and smelling like supermodels than anything else. We have turned women into boring cartoon characters, and, sadly, I'm barely attracted to any of them. I haven't had a girlfriend in a year.

So, please, desegregate the bathrooms. I want some real women.

## THREE IMPORTANT THINGS TO THINK ABOUT:

- 1. If there are any women on campus who are interested in getting involved in this project and want to practice peeing in front of a guy, shoot me an email.*
- 2. When I was ten, my parents sent me to summer camp and then gave away my pet bird Freddy while I was gone. True story.*
- 3. My mother is coming from Massachusetts to visit in two months. PLEASE don't tell her about my newsletter.*

### SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT:

I HAVE UPDATED MY WEBSITE. I ADDED A NEW SHORT FILM (IT'S PRETTY VIOLENT), AND I CREATED A FORUM WHERE READERS CAN DISCUSS THE YETI ONLINE!  
[WWW.YETIPAPER.COM](http://WWW.YETIPAPER.COM)

QUESTIONS OR COMMENTS?

EMAIL ME: [YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM](mailto:YETIPAPER@HOTMAIL.COM)

